

Smoke and Mirrors

Sage Francis

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I am.

More than two faced, I've got at least six with cheap tricks
To hide my not-so-pretty side while accentuating cheeks and lips
I use battin' rouge to battle crews who don't like the remix
And you just act confused by the way I choose to fuck with a double helix
Cuddle with me quick, get befuddled and sea sick
My ugly mug'll be equipped to make it a struggle to see shit
The beat kicks, my belly feels empty I want a person there
I'll curse and swear, and act unmother-like until I persevere
Haven't been to church in years, right now that's the setting
I couldn't think of a better place to cover my face and have a wedding
It's upsetting how plastic my mask is getting
It's melting and releasing toxic fumes
Covered by lots of perfume, never coming out of my closet of costumes
Cartoon versions of myself get drawn out
After that occurs, time gets consumed
I'm in the dressing room with the caricatures
Until my head is cured I'm heading for pedicures and manicures
Man, if your not damn sure of whether or not
to pop the question I'll let you in on the answer.
Think of sex in a camper...
A phony life with a trophy wife, menthol cigarettes and cancer
Smoke and Mirrors So sophisticated So cool I AM.
An illusion specialist turning tricks who could never diss
The one the wake up next to even if it's not the one they went to bed with
Breakfast at Tiffany's, skip lunch, make sure the dinner table is candle lit
I squish my feet until they crunch, but I'm unable to make these sandals fit
I can't just sit I need to MOVE and power walk, because Oprah said it
And I won't forget it, she does it during the opening credits
I'm so synthetic
I like the smell of coke, get it? I powder my nose
Power to hoes who pound on a hose while playing in a pound of snow
I'm getting snow plowed, I KNOW
It's time to fuck a guy now
I just applied blush and look surprised
but it's the way I plucked my eyebrows
Time out, I'm in a tanning booth... reading Danielle Steel
And I'm planting banana peels beneath every damn man's heel
Waiting for them to fall for my sad trick I stop, drop and kneel
With a little touch of magic, I'll let David cop a feel
I'm not real, but I've got FEELINGS...

except in my nipples because of the breast implants
To have my chest enhanced I pant in dresses but never dress in pants
A club hopping strobe light honey... addicted to wrinkle cream
Sipping on Listerine, Mr. Clean don't like the smell of nicotine
Smoke and Mirrors So sophisticated So cool I AM.
Dirtyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>